*The sweet-tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;*
*Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold*
*Or would you ye, which his owne pensil drew?*
*The Poet, in his deathless Poëms, view!*

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# OVID'S BANQVET OF SENCE.

WITH
A Coronet for his Mistresse
PHILOSOPHY;
and
His Amorous ZODIACK;

*Quis leget hæc? Nemo Hercule Nemo,*
*vel duo vel nemo:* Persius.

LONDON.
Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* and are to be sold by *R. Horseman*, at his shop in the *Strand* neere unto *Yorke House*, 1639.

# OVID'S BANQVET OF SENCE.

## The Argument.

AVDITVS.

OVID, *newly enamoured of* Julia (*daughter to* Octavius Augustus Cæsar, *after by him called* Corynna) *secretly convay'd himselfe into a Garden of the Emperours Court: In an Arbour whereof* Corynna *was Bathing, playing*

upon her Lute, and ſinging: which OVID overhearing, was exceedingly pleas'd with the ſweetneſſe of her voyce, and to himſelfe uttered the comfort he conceived in his ſence of Hearing.

OLFACTVS.

Then the Odours ſhee vs'd in her Bath, breathing a rich ſavour, hee expreſſeth the joy he felt in his ſence of Smelling.

VISVS.

Thus growing more deeply enamoured, in great contentation with himſelfe, hee venters to ſee her in the pride of her nakedneſſe: which doing by ſtealth, hee diſcovered the comfort he conceived in Seeing, and the glory of her Beauty.

GVSTVS.

Not yet ſatisfied, hee uſeth all his Art to make knowne his being there, without her offence: or (being neceſſarily offended) to appeaſe her: which done, hee intreats a kiſſe to ſerve for ſatisfaction of his Taſt, which he obtaines.

TACTVS.

Then proceeds he to intreaty for the fift Sence and there is interrupted.

# *NARRATIO.*

## AVDITVS.

THe Earth, from heavenly light conceived heate,
Which mixed all her moyſt parts with her dry,
When with right beames the Sunne her boſome beat,
And with fit foode her Plants did nutrifie;
They (which to Earth, as to their Mother cling
In forked rootes) now ſprinkled plenteouſly
With her warme breath; did haſten to the ſpring,
Gather their propet forces, and extrude
All powre but that, with which they ſtood indu'd.

Then did * *Cyrrhus* fill his eyes with fire,
Whoſe ardor curl'd the foreheads of the trees,
And made his greene-love burne in his deſire,
When youth, and eaſe, (Collectors of loves fees)
Entic'd *Corynna* to a ſilver ſpring,
Enchaſing a round Bowre; which with it * ſees,
(As with a Diamant doth an ameld Ring)
Into which eye, moſt pittifully ſtood
*Niobe*, ſhedding teares, that were her blood.

* Cyrrinus *is a ſurname of the Sunne, from a Towne called* Cyrrha, *where he was honoured.*

* *By* Proſopopœia, *he makes the Fountaine the eye of the*

*round Arbor, as a Diamant seemes to be the eye of a Ring: and therefore sayes, the Arbor sees with the Fountaine.*

Stone *Niobe*, whose statue to this Fountaine,
In great *Augustus Cæsars* grace was brought
From *Sypilus*, the steepe *Mygdonian* Mountaine:
That statue 'tis, still weepes for former thought,
Into this Spring *Corynnus* bathing place;
So cunningly to opticke reason wrought,
That a farre off, it shewed a Womans face,
Heavie, and weeping; but more neerely viewed,
Nor weeping, heavie, nor a woman shewed.

In Sommer onely wrought her extasie;
And that her story might bee still observed,
*Octavius* caus'd in curious Imagrie,
Her fourteene Children should at large be carved,
Their fourteene brests, with fourteene arrowes gored
And set by her, that for her seed so starved
To a stone Sepulcher her selfe deplored,
In Iuory were they cut, and on each brest,
In golden Elements their names impressed.

Her Sonnes, were *Sypilus*, *Agenor*, *Phædimus*,
*Ismenus*, *Argus*, and *Damasicthen*,
The seaventh call'd like his Grandsire, *Tantalus*.
Her Daughters, were the faire *Asticochen*,
*Chloris*, *Næera*, and *Pelopie*,
*Phaetia*, proud *Phothia*, and *Engigen*,
All these appos'd to violent *Niobe*,

Had

Had lookes, ſo deadly ſad, ſo lively done,
As if Death liv'd in their confuſion.

Behind their Mother two Pyramides
Of freckled Marble, through the Arbor viewed,
On whoſe ſharpe browes, *Sol*, and *Tytanides*
In purple and tranſparent glaſſe were hewed,
Through which the Sun-beames on the ſtatues ſtaying,
Made their pale boſoms ſeeme with blood imbrewed,
Thoſe two ſterne Planets rigors ſtill bewraying
To theſe dead formes, came living beauties eſſence
Able to make them ſtartle with her preſence.

In a looſe robe of Tynſell fourth ſhe came,
Nothing but it betwixt her nakedneſſe
And envious light. The downward-burning flame,
Of her rich hayre did threaten new receſſe,
Of ventrous *Phaeton* to ſcorch the fields:
And thus to bathing came our Poets Goddeſſe,
Her Hand-maides bearing all things pleaſure yeelds
To ſuch a ſervice; Odors moſt delighted,
And pureſt linnen which her lookes had whited.

Then caſt ſhee off her robe, and ſtood upright,
As lightning breakes out of a laboring Cloud;
Or as the Morning heaven caſts off the Night,
Or as that heaven caſt off it ſelfe, and ſhow'd
Heavens upper light, to which the brighteſt day
Is but a blacke and melancholy ſhroude:
Or as when *Venus* ſtriv'd for ſoveraigne ſway
Of charmefull beauty, in young *Troyes* deſire,
So ſtood *Corynna* vaniſhing her tire.

A ſoft enflowred Banck embrac'd the Fount;
Of *Chloris* enſignes, an abſtracted field;
Where grew Melanthy, great in Bees account,
Amareus, that precious Balme doth yeeld,
Enameld Panſies, vs'd at Nuptials ſtill,
*Diana's* Arrow, *Cupid's* crimſon Sheeld,
Ope-morne, night-ſhade, and *Venus* navill,
Solemne Violets, hanging head as ſhamed,
And verdant Calaminth, for odor famed.

Sacred Nepenthe, purgative of care,
And ſoveraigne Rumex that doth rancor kill,
Sva, and Hyacinth, that Furies weare,
White and red Ieſſamines, Merry, Melliphill:
Fayre Crowne-imperiall, Emperor of Flowers,
Immortall Amaranth, white Aphrodill,
And cup-like Twillpints, ſtroude in *Bacchus* Bowres,
Theſe cling about this Natures naked Iem,
To taſte her ſweetes, as Bees doe ſwarme on them.

And now ſhee vs'd the Fount, where *Niobe*,
Toomb'd in her ſelfe, powr'd her loſt ſoule in teares,
Vpon the boſome of this Romaine *Phœbe*;
Who; bath'd and Odor'd; her bright lyms ſhe réares,
And drying her on that diſparent round;
Her Lute ſhe takes t'enamoure heavenly eares,
And try if with her voyces vitall ſound,
Shee could warme life through thoſe cold ſtatues ſpread,
And cheere the Dame that wept when ſhe was dead.

And

And thus ſhe ſung, all naked as ſhee ſat,
Laying the happy Lute upon her thigh,
Not thinking any neere to wonder at
The bliſſe of her ſweete breſts divinity.

## The Song of CORYNNA.

*T'is better to contemne then loue,*
*And to be faire then wiſe;*
*For ſoules are rulde by eyes:*
*And* Ioves *Bird, ceaz'd by* Cypris *Dove,*
*It is our grace and ſport to ſee,*
*Our beauties ſorcerie,*
*That makes (like deſtinie)*
*Men follow vs the more wee flee;*
*That ſets wiſe Gloſſes on the foole,*
*And turnes her cheekes to bookes,*
*Where Wiſedome ſees in lookes*
*Deriſion, laughing at his Schoole,*
*Who (loving) proves, prophaneneſſe, holy;*
*Nature, our fate, our wiſedome, folly.*

While this was ſinging, *Ovid* young in loue
With her perfections, never proving yet
How mercifull a Miſtreſſe ſhe would prove,
Boldly embrac'd the power he could not let
And like a fiery exhalation
Follow'd the Sunne, he with't might never ſet;
Truſting herein his conſtellation
Rul'd by loves beames, which *Iulias* eyes erected,
Whoſe beauty was the Starre his life directed.

And

And having drencht his anckles in thoſe Seas,
He needes would ſwimme, and car'd not if he drowned:
Loves feete are in his eyes, for if he pleaſe
The depth of beauties gulfie flood to ſound,
He goes upon his eyes, and up to them,
At the firſt ſtep he is; no ſhader ground
Could *Ovid* finde; but in loves holy ſtreame
Was paſt his eyes, and now did wet his eares,
For his high Soveraignes ſilver voice he heares.

Whereat his wit, aſſumed fiery wings
Soaring above the temper of his Soule,
And he the purifying rapture ſings
Of his eares ſence, takes full the Theſpian boule
And it carrouſeth to his Miſtreſſe health,
Whoſe ſprightfull verdure did dull fleſh controle,
And his conceipt he crowneth with the wealth
Of all the Muſes in his pleaſed ſences,
When with the eares delight he thus commences.

Now Muſes come, repayre your broken wings,
(Pluckt, and prophan'd by ruſticke Ignorance,)
With feathers of theſe notes my Miſtres ſings;
And let quicke verſe her drooping head advance
From dungeons of contempt to ſmite the ſtarres:
In *Iulias* tunes, led forth by furious trance
A thouſand Muſes come to bid you warres,
Dive to your Spring, and hide you from the ſtroke,
All Poets furies will her tunes invoke.

Never was any ſence ſo ſet on fire,
With an immortall ardor, as mine eares;

Her

Her fingers to the ſtrings doth ſpeech inſpire
And number'd laughter; that the deskant beares
To her ſweete voice; whoſe ſpecies through my ſence
My ſpirits to their higheſt function reares;
To which impreſt with ceaſeleſſe confluence
It uſeth them, as proper to her powre
Marries my ſoule, and makes it her ſelfe her dowre;

Me thinkes her tunes flye guilt, like *Attick* Bees
To my eares hives, with honey tryed to ayre;
My braine is but the combe, the wax, the lees,
My ſoule the Drone, that lives by their affaire.
O ſo it ſweets, refines, and raviſheth,
And with what ſport they ſting in their repaire?
Riſe then in ſwarms, and ſting me thus to death
Or turne me into ſwound; poſſeſſe me whole,
Soule to my life, and eſſence to my ſoule.

Say gentle Ayre, & does it not thee good
Thus to be ſmit with her correcting voyce?
Why dance ye not, ye daughters of the wood;
Wither for ever, if not now rejoyce.
Riſe ſtones, and build a City with her notes,
And notes infuſe with your moſt Cynthian noyſe,
To all the Trees, ſweet flowers, and chriſtall Flotes,
That crowne, and make this cheerefull Garden quicke,
Vertue, that every touch may make ſuch Muſicke.

Oh that as man is call'd a little world
The world might ſhrinke into a little man,
To heare the notes about this Garden hurl'd,
That skill diſperſt in tunes ſo Orphean

Might

Might not be loſt in ſmiting ſtocks and trees
That haue no eares ; but growne as it began
Spred their renownes, as farre as *Phœbus* ſees
Through earths dull veines ; that ſhee like heauen might
In ceaſeleſſe Muſick, and be fill'd with loue. (moue,

In precious incenſe of her holy breath,
My loue doth offer Hecatombs of notes
To all the Gods ; who now deſpiſe the death
Of Oxen, Heifers, Wethers, Swine, and Goates.
A Sonnet in her breathing ſacrific'd,
Delights them more then all beaſts bellowing throates,
As much with heaven, as with my hearing priz'd,
And as guilt Atoms in the Sunne appeare,
So greet theſe ſounds the griſſels of mine eare.

Whoſe pores doe open wide to their regreete,
And my implanted ayre, that ayre embraceth
Which they impreſſe ; I feele their nimble feete
Tread my eares Labyrinth ; their ſport amazeth
They keepe ſuch meaſure ; play themſelues and dance
And now my ſoule in *Cupids* Furnace blazeth,
Wrought into furie with their daliance :
And as the fire the parched ſtubble burnes,
So fades my fleſh, and into ſpirit turnes.

Sweete tunes, brave iſſue, that from *Iulia* come ;
Shooke from her braine, arm'd like the Queene of Ire ;

For

For firſt * conceiued in her mentall wombe,
And nourisht with her ſoules diſcurſive fire,
They grew into the power of her thought;
She gaue them dounye plumes from her attire,
And them to ſtrong imagination brought:
That, to her voice; wherein moſt movingly.
Shee (bleſſing them with kyſſes,) lets them flye.

* *In this alluſion to the birth of* Pallas; *he ſhewes the conceit of her Sonnet; both for matter and note, and by Metaphor hee expreſſeth how ſhee deliuered her words, and tunes, which was by the commiſſion of the order, Philoſophers ſet downe in apprehenſion of our knowledge, and effection of our ſences, for firſt they affirme, the ſpecies of every object propagates it ſelfe by our ſpirits to our common ſence, that, deliuers it to the imaginatiue part, that to the Cogitatiue: the Cogitatiue to the paſſiue Intelect, the Paſſive Intelect, to that which is called* Dianoia *or* Diſcurſus; *and that delivers it vp to the mind, which order hee obſerues in her utterance.*

Who flye rejoycing; but (like nobleſt minds)
In giving others life themſelves to dye,
Not able to endure earthes rude vnkinds
Bred in my ſoveraigns parts too tenderly;
O that as * Intellects themſelves tranſite
To each intellegible qualitie,
My life might paſſe into my loves conceit,
Thus to be form'd in words, her tunes, and breath,
And with her kiſſes, ſing it ſelfe to death.

* *The Philoſopher ſaith,* Intellectus in ipſa intellegibilia tranſit, *vpon which is grounded this invention, that in the*

*the ſame manner his life might paſſe into his Miſtreſſe conceit, intending his intellectuall life, or ſoule: which by this Analogie ſhould bee* Intellectus, *and her conceit,* Intelligibilis.

This life were wholy ſweete, this onely bliſſe,
Thus would I live to dye; Thus ſence were feaſted,
My life that in my fleſh a Chaos is
Should to a Golden world be thus digeſted;
Thus ſhould I rule her faces Monarchy,
Whoſe lookes in ſeverall Empires are inveſted
Crown'd now with ſmiles, and then with modeſty,
Thus in her tunes diviſion I ſhould raigne,
For her conceipt does all, in every veyne.

My life then turn'd to that, t'each note, and word
Should I conſort her looke; which ſweeter ſings,
Where ſongs of ſolid harmony accord,
Rul'd with Loves rule; and prickt with all his ſtings;
Thus ſhould I be her notes, before * they be;
While in her blood they ſit with fiery wings
Not vapor'd in her voyces ſtillery,
Nought are theſe notes her breaſt ſo ſweetly frames,
But motions, fled out of her ſpirits flames.

* *This hath reference to the order of her utterance, expreſt before.*

For as when ſteele and flint together ſmit,
With violent action ſpit forth ſparkes of fire,
And make the tender tynder burne with it;
So my loves ſoule doth lighten her deſire

Vpon

Vpon her ſpirits in her notes * pretence;
And they convey them (for diſtinct attire)
To uſe the Wardrobe of the common ſence:
From whence in vailes of her rich breath they flye,
And feaſt the eare with this felicity.

* *ſo is this likewiſe referred to the order above ſaid for the more perſpicuity.*

Me thinkes they raiſe me from the heavie ground
And move mee ſwimming in the yeelding ayre:
As *Zephirs* flowry blaſts doe toſſe a ſound;
Vpon their wings will I to heaven repayre,
And ſing them ſo, Gods ſhall deſcend and heare
Ladies muſt bee ador'd that are but fayre,
But apt beſides with art to tempt the eare
In notes of Nature, is a Goddeſſe part,
Though oft, mens natures notes, pleaſe more then Art;

But heere are Art and Nature both confin'd,
Art caſting Nature in ſo deepe a trance,
That both ſeeme dead, becauſe they be divin'd,
Buried is heaven in earthly ignorance,
Why breake not men then ſtrumpet Follies bounds;
To learne at this pure Virgin utterance?
No; none but *Ovids* eares can ſound theſe ſounds,
Where ſing the hearts of Love and Poeſie,
Which make my Muſe ſo ſtrong ſhe workes too hye.

Now in his glowing eares her tunes did ſleepe,
And as a ſilver Bell, with violent blow

Of Steele or Iron, when his ſounds moſt deepe,
Doe from his ſides and ayres ſoft boſome flow,
A great while after murmures at the ſtroke,
Letting the hearers eares his hardneſſe know,
So chid the Ayre to be no longer broke:
And left the accents panting in his eare
Which in this Banquet his firſt ſervice were.

## OLFACTUS.

HEerewith, as *Ovid* ſomething neerer drew,
Her Odors, odor'd with her breath and breſt,
Into the ſenſor of his ſavor flew;
As if the Phœnix haſting to her reſt
Had gathered all th' Arabian Spiceries
T'enbalme her body in her Tombe, her neſt,
And there lay burning gainſt *Apolles* eye,
Whoſe fiery ayre ſtraight piercing *Ovids* braine
Enflam'd his Muſe with a more odorous vaine.

And thus he ſung, come Soveraigne Odors, come
Reſtore my ſpirits now in love conſuming,
Waxe hotter ayre, make them more ſavorſome,
My fainting life with freſh-breath'd ſoule perfuming.
The flames of my diſeaſe are violent,
And many periſh on late helpes preſuming,
With which hard fate muſt I yet ſtand content,
As Odors put in fire moſt richly ſmell;
So men muſt burne in love that will excell.

And as the ayre is rarefied with heate
But thicke and groſſe with Summer-killing cold,

So

So men in love aſpire perfections ſeate,
When others, ſlaves to baſe deſire are ſold,
And if that men neere *Ganges* liu'd by ſent
Of Flowres, and Trees, more I a thouſand fold
May liue by theſe pure fumes that doe preſent
My Miſtreſſe quickning, and conſuming breath
Where her wiſh flyes with power of life and death.

Me thinkes, as in theſe liberall fumes I burne
My Miſtreſſe lips be neere with kiſſe-entices,
And that which way ſoever I can turne,
She turnes withall, and breaths on me her ſpices
As if too pure for ſearch of humane eye
She flew in ayre disburthening Indian prizes,
And made each earthly fume to ſacrifice,
With her choiſe breath fell *Cupid* blowes his fire,
And after, burnes himſelfe in her deſire.

Gentle, and noble are their tempers fram'd.
That can be quickned with perfumes and ſounds,
And they are cripple-minded, Gowt-wit lam'd,
That lye like fire-fit blocks, dead without wounds.
Stir'd vp with nought, but hell-deſcending gaine,
The ſoule of fooles that all their ſoules confounds,
The art of Peſſants and our Nobles ſtaine,
The bane of vertue and the bliſſe of ſinne,
Which none but fooles and Peſſants glory in.

Sweete Sounds and Odors, are the heavens, on earth
Where vertuus liue, of vertuous men deceaſt.

Which in ſuch like, receive their ſecond birth
By ſmell and * hearing endleſly encreaſt;
They were meere fiſh were not with them delighted,
And every ſuch is periſht like a beaſt
As all they ſhall that are ſo foggy ſprighted,
Odors feed love, and love cleare heaven diſcovers,
Lovers weare ſweets then; ſweeteſt minds, be lovers.

* *By this alluſion drawne from the effects of ſounds and Odors, he imitates the eternity of Vertue: ſaying, The vertues of good men live in them, becauſe they ſtirre vp pure inclinations to the like, as if infus'd in perfumes and ſound,: Beſides, he inferres, that ſuch as are neither delighted with ſounds (intending by ſounds all vtterance of knowledge, as well as muſicall affections,) nor with Odors, (which properly dry the braine, and delight the inſtruments of the ſoule, making them the more capable of her faculties) ſuch ſaith he, periſh without memory.*

Odor in heate and dryneſſe is conſite
Love then a fire is much thereto affected;
And as ill ſmells doe kill his appetite
With thankefull ſavors it is ſtill protected;
Love lives in ſpirits, and our ſpirits be
Nouriſht with Odors, therefore love refected;
And ayre leſſe corpulent in quallity
Then Odors are, doth nouriſh vitall ſpirits
Therefore may they be proud of equall merits.

O ſoveraigne Odors; not of force to give
Food to a thing that lives nor let it dye,

But to adde life to that did never live;
Nor to adde life, but immortality.
Since they pertake her heate that like the fire
Stolne from the wheeles of *Phœbus* waggonry
To lumpes of earth, can manly life inſpire;
Elſe be theſe fumes the lives of ſweeteſt dames
That (dead) attend on her for novell frames.

Rejoyce bleſt Clime, thy ayre is ſo refinde
That while ſhe lives no hungry peſtilence
Can feed her poyſoned ſtomacke with thy kind;
But as the Vnicornes pregredience
To venom'd Pooles doth purge them with his horne,
And after him the deſarts Reſidence
May ſafely drinke ſo in the holeſome morne
After her walke, who there attends her eye,
Is ſure that day to taſt no maladye.

Thus was his courſe of Odors ſweet and ſleight,
Becauſe he long'd to give his ſight aſſay,
And as in fervor of the Summers height,
The Sunne is ſo ambitious in his ſway
He will not let the Night an houre be plac't,
So in this *Cupids* Night (oft ſeene in day
Now ſpred with tender Clouds theſe Odors caſt,)
Her ſight, his Sunne ſo wrought in his deſire,
His ſavor vaniſht in his viſuall fires.

So vulture love on his encreaſing liver,
And fruitfull entrails egerly did feed,

And with the goldneſt Arrow in his Quiver,
Wounds him with longings, That like Torrents bleeds,
To ſee the Mine of knowledge that enricht
His mind with poverty, and deſperate need,
A ſight that with the thought of ſight bewitcht,
A ſight taught Magick his deepe miſtery.
Quicker in danger then * *Dianas* eye.

* *Alluſion to the transformation of* Acteon *with the ſight of* Diana.

Stay therefore *Ovid*, venter not a ſight
May prove thy rudeneſſe, more then ſhew thee loving,
And make thy Miſtreſſe thinke thou thinkſt her light:
Which thought with lighteſt Dames is nothing moving.
The ſlender hope of favour thou haſt yet
Should make thee feare, ſuch groſſe concluſions proving;
Beſides, the Thicket *Floras* hands hath ſet
To hide thy theft, is thinne and hollow harted,
Not meet to have ſo high a charge imparted.

And ſhould it keepe thy ſecrets, thine owne eye
Would fill thy thoughts ſo full of lightenings,
That thou muſt paſſe through more extremity.
Or ſtand content to burne beneath their wings,
Her honour gainſt thy love, in wager laid,
Thou would'ſt be prickt with other ſences ſtings,
To taſt, and feele, and yet not there be ſtaid:
Theſe caſts, he caſt, and more, his wits more quicke
Then can be caſt, by wits Arithmetick.

Forward, and backe, and forward went he * thus,
Like wanton *Thamyſis*, that haſts to greet
The brackiſh Court of old *Oceanus*;
And as by *Londons* boſome ſhe doth fleet
Caſts her ſelfe proudly through the Bridges twiſts
Where (as ſhe takes againe her Chriſtall feete;)
She curles her ſilver hayre like Amoriſts,
Smoothes her bright cheeks, adornes her browes with ſhips
And Empreſſe-like along the Coaſt ſhe trips.

* *A ſimile, expreſſing the manner of his minds contention in the deſire of her ſight, and feare of her diſpleaſure.*

Till comming neere the Sea, ſhe heares him rore,
Tumbling her churliſh billowes in her face,
Then, more diſmaid, then inſolent before
Charg'd to rough battaile, for his ſmooth embrace,
She crowcheth cloſe within her winding banckes,
And creepes retreat into her peacefull Pallace;
Yet ſtrait high flowing in her female prancks
Againe ſhe will be wanton, and againe,
By no meanes ſtaid, nor able to containe,

So *Ovid* with his ſtrong affections ſtriving,
Maskt in a friendly Thicket neere her Bowre,
Rubbing his temples, fainting, and reviving,
Fitting his garments, praying to the howre,
Backwards, and forwards went, and durſt not venter,
To tempt the tempeſt of his Miſtreſſe lowre,
Or let his eyes her beauties Ocean enter,
At laſt, with prayer he pierceth *Iunos* eare,
Great Goddeſſe of audacity and feare,

Great Goddeſſe of audacity, and feare,
Queene of Olympus, *Saturnes* eldeſt ſeed,
That doeſt the Scepter over *Samos* beare,
And rul'ſt all Nuptiall rites with power, and meed,
Since thou in nature art the meane to mixe
Still ſulphure humors, and canſt therefore ſpeed
Such as in Cyprian ſports their pleaſures fixe
*Venus* her ſelfe, and *Mars* by thee embracing,
Aſſiſt my hopes, me and my purpoſe gracing.

Make love within me not too kind but pleaſing,
Exiling Aſpen feare out of his forces,
My inward ſight, with outward ſeeing, eaſing,
And if he pleaſe further to ſtretch his courſes,
Arme me with courage to make good his charges,
Too much deſire to pleaſe, pleaſure divorces,
Attempts, and not entreats get Ladies larges,
Wit is with boldneſſe prompt, with terror danted,
And grace is ſooner got of Dames then granted.

## VISUS.

THis ſaid, he charg'd the Arbor with his eye,
Which pierc'ſt it through, and at her breſts reflected,
Striking him to the heart with extaſie:
As doe the Sun-beames gainſt the earth proiected,
With their reverberate vigor mount in flames,
And burne much more then where they were directed,
He ſaw th'extraction of all faireſt Dames:
The faire of Beauty, as whole Countries come
And ſhew their riches in a little Roome,

Here

Heere *Ovid* ſold his freedome for a looke,
And with that looke was tenne times more enthrald,
He bluſht, lookt pale, and like a fevour ſhooke,
And as a * burning vapor being exhal'd
Promiſt by *Phœbus* eye to be a ſtarre,
Heavens walls denying to be further ſcal'd
The force diſſolves that drew it up ſo farre:
And then it lightens gainſt his death and fals,
So *Ovids* powre, this powrefull ſight appals.

* *This ſimile expreſſeth the cauſe and ſubſtance of thoſe exhalations which vulgarly are called falling ſtars: ſo* Homer *and* Virgill *calls them,* Stellas cadentes, Homer *comparing the deſcent of* Pallas *among the Troyans to a falling Starre.*

This beauties faire is an enchantment made
By natures witchcraft tempting men to buy
With endleſſe ſhowes, what endleſly will fade
Yet promiſe chapmen all eternity:
But like to goods ill got a fate it hath,
Brings men enricht therewith to beggery
Vnleſſe th'enricher be as rich in faith,
Enamourd (like good ſelfe-love) with her owne,
Seene in another, then 'tis heaven alone.

For ſacred beauty, is the fruit of ſight,
The courteſie that ſpeakes before the tongue,
The feaſt of ſoules, the glory of the light,
Envie of age, and everlaſting young,
Pitties Commander, *Cupids* richeſt throne,
Muſick entranced, never duely ſung,
The ſumme and court of all proportion:

And that I may dull ſpeeches beſt afford,
All Rethoricks flowers in leſſe then in a word.

Then in the trueſt wiſedome can be thought,
Spight of the publique *Axiom* worldlings hold,
That nothing wiſedome is, that getteſt nought,
This all-things-nothing, ſince it is no gold.
Beauty enchaſing love, love gracing beauty,
To ſuch as conſtant ſimpathies enfold,
To perfect riches doth a founder duty
Them all endevours, for by all conſent
All wealth and wiſedome reſts in true Content.

Contentment is our heaven, and all our deeds
Bend in that circle, ſeld or never clos'd,
More then the Letter in the world preceeds,
And to conduce that compaſſe is repos'd.
More force and art in beauty joyn'd with love,
Then thrones with wiſdome, joyes of them compos'd
Are armes more proofe gainſt any griefe we prove,
Then all their vertue ſcorning miſery
Or judgements graven in Stoick gravity.

But as weake colour alwayes is allowd
The proper object of a humaine eye,
Though light be with a farre more force endowd
In ſtirring up the viſuall faculty,
This colour being but of vertuous light
A feeble Image; and the cauſe doth lye
In th'imperfection of a humaine ſight,
So this for love, and beauty, loves cold fire
May ſerve for my praiſe, though it merit higher.

With

With this digreſſion, wee will now returne
To *Ovids* proſpect in his fancies ſtorme;
He thought he ſaw the Arbors boſome burne,
Blaz'd with a fire wrought in a Ladies forme:
Where ſilver paſt the leaſt: and Natures vaunt
Did ſuch a precious miracle performe,
Shee lay, and ſeem'd a flood of Diamant
Bounded in fleſh: as ſtill as *Veſpers* hayre,
When not an Aſpen leafe is ſtirr'd with ayre.

Shee lay * at length, like an immortall ſoule
At endleſſe reſt in bleſt *Eliſium*:
And then did true felicity enroule
So faire a Lady, figure of her Kingdome.
Now *Ovids* Muſe as in her tropicke ſhin'd,
And he (ſtrooke dead) was meere heaven-borne becom'd,
So his quicke verſe in equall height was ſhin'd:
Or els blame mee as his ſubmitted debter,
That never Miſtreſſe had to make mee better.

* *The amplification of this ſimile, is taken from the bliſſfull ſtate of ſoules in* Eliſium, *as Virgill faines: and expreſſeth a regenerate beauty in all life and perfection, not intimating any reſt of death. But in peace of that eternall ſpring, he pointeth to that life of life this naked clad naked Lady.*

Now as ſhee lay, attirde in nakednesſe,
His eye did carve him on that feaſt of feaſts:

Sweete

Sweet * fields of life which Deaths foote dare not preſſe,
Flowr'd with th'vnbroken waues of my Loves breſts,
Vnbroke by depth of thoſe her beauties floods;
See where with bent of Gold curld into Neſts
In her heads Grove, the Spring-bird Lameate broods:
Her body doth preſent thoſe fields of peace
Where ſoules are feaſted with the the ſoule of eaſe.

* *He calls her body (as it were divided with her breſts) the fields of Paradiſe, and her armes and legs the famous Rivers in it.*

To prove which Paradiſe that nurſeth theſe,
See ſee the golden Rivers that renowne it:
Rich *Gehon*, *Tigris*, *Phiſon*, *Euphrates*,
Two from her bright Pelopian ſhoulders crowne it,
And two out of her ſnowy Hills doe glide,
That with a Deluge of delights doe drowne it:
The higheſt two, their precious ſtreames divide
To tenne pure floods, that doe the body duty
Bounding themſelves in length, but not in beauty.

Theſe * wind their courſes through the painted bowers,
And raiſe ſuch ſounds in their inflection,
As ceaſeleſſe ſtart from Earth freſh ſorts of flowers,
And bound that booke of life with every ſection.
In theſe the Muſes dare not ſwim for drowning,
Their ſweetneſſe poyſons with ſuch bleſt infection,
And leaves the onely lookers on them ſwouning,
Theſe formes ſo decks, and colour makes ſo ſhine,
That Gods for them would ceaſe to be divine.

* *Hee intends the office of her fingers in attyring her, touching*

*touching this of their courſes, in their inflection following. their playing vpon an Inſtrument.*

Thus though my **Love** be no *Eliſium*
That cannot move, from her prefixed place;
Yet have her feet no powre from them to come,
For where ſhee is, is all *Eliſian* grace:
And as thoſe happy men are ſure of bliſſe
That can performe ſo excellent a race
As that Olympiad where her favor is,
So ſhe can meete them, bleſſing them the rather
And give her ſweetes, as well as let men gather.

Ah how ſhould I be ſo moſt happy then
T'aſpire that place, or make it come to mee?
To gather, or be given the flowre of women?
*Eliſium* muſt with vertue gotten bee,
With labours of the ſoule and continence,
And theſe can yeeld no joy with ſuch as ſhe.
Shee is a ſweet *Eliſium* for the ſence
And Nature doth not ſenſuall gifts infuſe
But that with ſence, ſhe ſtill intends their uſe.

The ſence is given us to excite the mind,
And that can never be by ſence excited
But firſt the ſence muſt her contentment mind,
Wee therefore muſt procure the ſence delighted,
That ſo the ſoule may uſe her facultie;
Mine Eye then to this feaſt hath her invited;
That ſhee might ſerve the ſoveraigne of mine Eye,
Shee ſhall bid Time, and Time ſo feaſted never
Shall grovv in ſtrength of her renovvne for ever.

Betvvixt

Betwixt mine Eye and obiect, certaine lynes,
Move in the figure of a Pyramis,
Whose chapter in mine eyes gray apple shines,
The base within my sacred obiect is:
On this will I inscribe in golden verse
The marualles raigning in my Soveraigns blisse,
The arcks of sight, and how her arrowes pierse:
This in the Region of the ayre shall stand
In Fames brasse Court, and all her Trumps command.

Rich Beautie, that each Louer labours for,
Tempting as heapes of new-coynd-glowing Gold,
(Racke of some miserable Treasurer)
Draw his desires, and them in chaynes enfold
Vrging him still to tell it, and conceale it,
But beauties treasure never can be told
None can peculiar joy, yet all must steale it,
O beautie, this same blood-siedge of thine
Scarues me that yeeld, and feedes mee till I pine.

And as a Taper burning in the darke
(As if it threatned euery watchfull eye
That viewing burns it,) makes that even his marke,
And hurls guilt Darts at it continually
Or as it enuied, any eye but it,
Should see in darknesse, so my Mistresse beautie
From forth her secret sound my heart doth hit:
And like the Dart of *Cephalus* doth kill
Her perfect Louer, though shee meane no ill.

Thus, as the innocence of one betraide
Carries an *Argus* with it, though vnknowne,

And

And Fate to wreake the treacherie bewraide;
Such vengeance hath my Miſtreſſe Beautie ſhowne
On me the Traitor to her modeſtie,
So vnaſſaild, I quite am ouerthrowne,
And in my tryumph bound in ſlauerie.
O Beauty, ſtill thy Empire ſwims in blood,
And in thy peace, Warre ſtores himſelfe with foode.

O Beautie, how attractive is thy powre?
For as the liues heate clings about the heart,
So all Mens hungrie eyes doe haunt thy Bowre,
Raigning in Greece, Troy ſwum to thee in Arte;
Remou'd to Troy, Greece followd thee in feares;
Thou drewſt each Syreleſſe Sword, each childleſſe Dame
And pull'dſt the towres of Troy about thine eares:
Shall I then muſe that thus thou drawſt me?
No, but admire, I ſtand thus farre from thee.

Herewith ſhee roſe like the Autumnall Starre
Freſh burniſht in the loftie Ocean floode,
That darts his glorious influence more farre
Then any Lampe of bright *Olympus* broode;
Shee lifts her lightning armes aboue her head,
And ſtretcheth a Meridian from her blood,
That ſlept awake in her *Eliſian* bed:
Then knit ſhee vp, leſt looſe, her glowing haire
Should ſcoreth the Center and incenſe the ayre.

Thus when her faire heart-binding hands had tide
Thoſe liberall Treſſes, her high frontier part,
Shee ſhrunk in curles, and curiouſly plied
Into the figure of a ſwelling heart:

And then with Iewels of deuife, it graced:
One was a Sunne graven at his Eevens depart,
And under that a Mans huge ſhaddow * placed,
Wherein was writ, in ſable Charactry,
*Decreſcente nobilitate, creſcunt obſcuri.*

* *At the Sunne going downe, ſhadowes grow longeſt, whereupon this Embleme is deviſed.*

Another was an Eye in Saphire ſet,
And cloſe upon it a freſh Lawrell ſpray,
The skilfull Poſie was, *Medio* * *caret*,
To ſhew not eyes, but meanes muſt truth diſplay;
The third was an *Apollo* * with his Teme
About a Diall and a world in way,
The Motto was, *Teipſum et orbem*,
Graven in the Diall; theſe exceeding rare
And other like accomplements ſhe ware.

* *Sight is one of the three Sences that hath his medium extrinſecally, which now (ſuppoſed wanting,) lets the ſight by the cloſe appoſition of the Lawrell: the application whereof hath many conſtructions.*

* *The Sunne hath as much time to compaſſe a Diall as the world, and therefore the world is placed in the Diall, expreſſing the conceit of the Empreſſe morally which hath a farre higher intention.*

Not *Tygris*, *Nilus*, nor ſwift *Euphrates*,
Quoth *Ovid* now, can more ſubdue my flame;
I muſt through Hell adventure to diſpleaſe,
To taſt and touch, one kiſſe may worke the ſame:

If

If more will come, more then much more I will;
Each naturall agent doth his action frame,
To render that he workes on like him ſtill:
The fire on water working doth induce
Like quality unto his owne in uſe.

But Heaven in her a ſparckling temper blew
(As love in mee) and ſo will ſoone be wrought,
Good wits will bite at baites moſt ſtrange and new,
And words well plac'd, move things were never thought;
What Goddeſſe is it *Ovids* wits ſhall dare
And he diſgrace them with attempting nought?
My words ſhall carry ſpirits to enſnare
The ſubtelſt harts affecting ſutes importune,
"Beſt loves are loſt for wit when men blame Fortune

## NARRATIO.

WIth this, as ſhe was looking in her Glaſſe,
She ſaw therein * a mans face looking on her:
Whereat ſhe ſtarted from the frighted Graſſe,
As if ſome monſtrous Serpent had beene ſhowne her;
Riſing as when (the Sunne in *Leos* ſigne)
*Auriga* with the heavenly Goate upon her,
Shewes her horn'd forehead with her Kids divine,
Whoſe riſe, kills Vines, Heavens face with ſtorms diſgui-
No man is ſafe at Sea, the Hædy riſing. (ſing,

* Ovid *ſtanding behind her, his face was ſeene in the Glaſſe.*

So ſtraight wrapt ſhee her body in a Clowd,
And threatned tempeſts for her high diſgrace,
Shame from a Bowre of Roſes did vnſhrowd
And ſpread her crimſon wings vpon her face;
When running out, poore *Ovid* humbly kneeling
Full in the Arbors mouth, did ſtay her race
And laid; faire Nimph, great Goddeſſe haue ſome feeling
Of *Ovids* paines; but heare: and your d ſhonor,
Vainely ſurmis'd, ſhall vaniſh with my horror.

Traytor to Ladies modeſties (ſaid ſhee)
What ſavage boldneſſe hardned thee to this?
Or what baſe reckoning of my modeſtie?
What ſhould I thinke thy facts proud reaſon is?
Loue (ſacred Madam) loue exhaling mee
(Wrapt in his Sulphure,) to this clowd of his
Made my affections his artillerie,
Shot me at you his proper Cytadell,
And looſing all my forces, here I fell.

This Gloſſe is common, as thy rudeneſſe ſtrange
Not to forbeare theſe private times (quoth ſhe)
Whoſe fixed Rites, none ſhould preſume to change
Not where there is adjudg'd inchaſtitie;
Our nakedneſſe ſhould be as much conceald
As our accompliſhments deſire the eye:
It is a ſecret not to be reueald,
But as Virginitie, and Nuptialls clothed,
And to our honour all to be betrothed.

It is a want, where our aboundance lyes,
Given a ſole dowre t'enrich chaſt *Hymens* Bed,

A perfect Image of our purities,
And glaſſe by which our actions ſhould be dreſſed.
That tells us honour is as ſoone defild
And ſhould be kept as pure, and incompreſſed,
But ſight attainteth it: for Thought Sights child
Begetteth Sinne; and Nature bides defame,
When light and lawleſſe eye bewray our ſhame.

Deere Miſtreſſe (anſwered *Ovid*) to direct
Our actions, by the ſtraiteſt rule that is,
We muſt in matters Morrall, quite reject
Vulgar Opinion, ever led amiſſe
And let autentique Reaſon be our guide,
The wife of Truth, and Wiſdomes Governiſſe:
The nature of all actions muſt be waid,
And as they then appeare breed love or loathing,
Vſe makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

As in your ſight, how can ſight ſimply beeing
A Sence receiving eſſence to his flame
Sent from his object, give it harme by ſeeing
Whoſe action * in the Seer hath his frame?
All excellence of ſhape is made for ſight,
Elſe, to be like a Beaſt where no defame;
Hid Beauties loſe their ends, and wrong their right,
And can kind love, (where no harmes kind can be)
Diſgrace with ſeeing that is given to ſee?

* *Actio cernendi in homine vel animali, videnti collocanda eſt.* Ariſtot.

Tis I (alas) and my heart-burning Eye
Doe all the harme, and feele the harme we doe:

I am no Baſiliske, yet harmeleſſe I
Poyſon with ſight, and mine owne boſome too;
So am I to my ſelfe a Sorcereſſe
Bewitcht with her conceits in her I woo:
But you unwrongd, and all diſhonorleſſe
No ill dares touch, affliction, ſorcery,
One kiſſe of yours can quickly remedy.

I could not times obſerve, as others might
Of cold affects, and watry tempers framd,
Yet well aſſurd the wounder of your ſight
Was ſo farre off from ſeeing you defam'd,
That ever in the Phane of Memory
Your love ſhall ſhine by it, in mee enflam'd.
Then let your power be clad in lenity,
Doe not (as others would) of cuſtome ſtorme,
But prove your wit as pregnant as your forme.

Nor is my love ſo ſuddaine, ſince my hart
Was long loves *Vulcan*, with his pants unreſt
Hamring the ſhafts bred this delightſome ſmart:
And as when *Iove* at once from Eaſt and Weſt
Caſt off two Eagles, to diſcerne the ſight
Of this world Center, both his Birds joyned breſt
In Cynthian *Delphos*, ſince *Earths navill* hight:
So caſting off my ceaſeleſſe thoughts to ſee
My harts true Center, all doe meete in thee.

*Cupid* that acts in you, ſuffers in mee
To make himſelfe one tryumph-place in twa'ne,
Into your tunes and odors turned hee,
And through my ſences flew into my braine

* Where

* Where rules the Prince of ſence, whoſe Throne he
And of my Motions engines framd a chaine (takes,
To leade mee where he liſt; and heere he makes
Nature (my * fate) enforce mee: and reſignes
The raines of all, to you, in whom he ſhines.

* *In Cerebro eſt principium ſentiendi, & inde nervi, qui inſtrumenta ſunt motus voluntarij oriuntur.*
* *Natura eſt uniuſcujuſque Fatum, ut* Theophr.

For yeelding love then, doe not hate impare,
Nor let mine Eye, your carefull Harbengere
That hath purvaid your Chamber in my hart,
Be blam'd for ſeeing who it lodged there;
The freer ſervice merits greater meede,
Princes are ſerv'd with unexpected chere,
And muſt have things in ſtore before they need:
Thus ſhould faire Dames be wiſe and confident,
Not bluſhing to be noted excellent.

Now, as when Heaven is muffled with the vapors
His long ſince juſt divorced wife the Earth
In envie breath's to maske his ſpurry Tapers
From the unrich aboundance of her birth,
When ſtraight the weſterne iſſue of the Ayre
Beates with his flowry wings thoſe Brats of dearth,
And gives *Olympus* leave to ſhew his fayre,
So fled th'offended ſhadowes of her cheere,
And ſhow'd her pleaſed count'nance full as cleere.

*Which for his fourth courſe made our Poet court her, &c.*

## GUSTUS.

THis motion of my ſoule, my fantaſie
Created by three ſences put in act,
Let juſtice nouriſh with thy ſimpathie,
Putting my other ſences into fact,
If now thou grant not, now change that offence;
To ſuffer change, doth perfect ſence compact:
Change then, and ſuffer for the uſe of * ſence,
Wee live not for our ſelves, the Eare, and Eye,
And every ſence, muſt ſerve ſociety.

* *Alterationem pati eſt ſentire.*

To furniſh then, this Banquet where the taſt
Is never us'd, and yet the cheere divine,
The neereſt meane deare Miſtreſſe that thou haſt
To bleſſe me with it, is a kiſſe of thine,
Which grace ſhall borrow organs of my touch
T'advance it to that inward * taſt of mine
Which makes all ſence, and ſhall delight as much
Then with a kiſſe (deare life) adorne thy feaſt
And let (as Banquets ſhould) the laſt be beſt,

* *He intends the common ſence which is* centrum ſenſibus et ſpeciebus, *and calls it laſt becauſe it doth,* ſapere in effectione ſenſuum.

## CORYNNA.

I ſee unbidden Gueſts are boldeſt ſtill,
And well you ſhow how weake in ſoule you are
That let rude ſence ſubdue your reaſons skill
And feed ſo ſpoilefully on ſacred fare;
In temper of ſuch needleſſe feaſts as this

Wee

We ſhow more bounty ſtill the more we ſpare,
Chiefly where birth and ſtate ſo different is:
Ayre too much rarefied breakes forth in fire,
And favors too farre urg'd doe end in ire.

OVID.

The difference of our births (imperiall Dame)
Is herein noted with too triviall eyes
For your rare wits; that ſhould your choices frame
To ſtate of parts, that moſt doth royalize,
Not to commend mine owne; but that in yours
Beyond your birth, are perils ſoveraignties
Which (urgd) your words had ſtrook with ſharper powers.
Tis for meere looke-like Ladies, and for men
To boaſt of birth that ſtill be childeren.

Running to Father ſtraight to helpe their needs,
True dignities and rites of reverence,
Are ſowne in minds, and reapt in lively deeds;
And onely pollicie makes difference
Twixt States, ſince vertue wants due imperance
Vertue makes honour, as the ſoule doth ſence,
And merit farre exceeds inheritance,
The Graces fill loves cup, his feaſts adorning,
Who ſeekes your ſervice now, the Graces ſcorning.

Lure love (ſaid ſhe) the pureſt grace purſues,
And there is contact, not by application
Of lips or bodies, but of bodies vertues,
As in our elementall Nation
Starres by their powers, which are their heat and light
Doe heavenly workes, and that which hath probation
By vertuall contact hath the nobleſt plight,

Both for the laſting and affinity
It hath with naturall divinity.

*Ovid* re plyed; in this thy vertuall preſence
(Moſt faire *Corynna*) thou canſt not effuſe
The true and ſolid parts of thy pure eſſence
But doſt thy ſuperficiall beames produce
Of thy rich ſubſtance; which becauſe they ſhew
Rather from forme then from the matters uſe
Reſemblance onely of thy body ſhew
Whereof they are thy wondrous ſpecies,
And t' is thy ſubſtance muſt my longings eaſe.

Speake then ſweet ayre that giu'ſt our ſpeech event
And teach my Miſtreſſe tractability,
That art to motion moſt obedient,
And though thy nature, ſwelling be and high
And occupieſt ſo infinite a ſpace,
Yet yeeldſt to words, and are condenſt thereby
Paſt nature preſt into a little place
Deare ſoveraigne then, make ayre thy rule in this,
And me thy worthy ſervant with a kiſſe.

*Ovid* (ſaid ſhee) I am well pleas'd to yeeld,
Bounty by vertue cannot be abus'd
Nor will I coylie lift *Minervas* ſheeld
Againſt *Minerva*, honour is but brus'd
With ſuch a tender preſſure as a kiſſe,
Nor yeelding ſoone to words, though ſeldome us'd,
Niceneſſe in civill favours, folly is:
Long ſutes make never good a bad detection,
Nor yeelding ſoone, makes bad, a good affection.

To

To ſome I know, (and know it for a fault)
Order and reverence are repulſt in ſkaling,
When pride and rudeneſſe, enter with aſſault,
Conſents to fall, are worſe to get then falling:
Willing reſiſtance, takes away the will,
And too much weakeneſſe tis to come with calling:
Force in theſe frayes, is better man then ſkill,
Yet I like ſkill, and *Ovid* if a kiſſe
May doe thee ſo much pleaſure, heere it is.

Her mooving towards him, made *Ovids* eye
Beleeve the Firmament was comming downe
To take him quicke to immortality,
And that th'Ambroſian kiſſe ſet on the Crowne:
Shee ſpake in kiſſing, and her breath infus'd
Reſtoring ſyrrop to his taſt, in ſwoune:
And he imagind *Hebes* hands had bruſd
A banquet of the Gods into his ſence,
Which filld him with this furious influence.

The motion of the Heavens that did beget
The golden age, and by whoſe harmony
Heaven is preſerv'd, in mee on worke is ſet
All inſtruments of deepeſt melody
Set ſweet in my deſire, to my loves liking
With this ſweet kiſſe in me their tunes apply,
As if the beſt Muſitians hands were ſtriking:
This kiſſe in mee hath endleſſe Muſicke cloſed,
Like *Phœbus* Lute, on *Niſus* Towres impoſed.

And

And as a Pibble caſt into a Spring,
Wee ſee a ſort of trembling circles riſe,
One forming other in their iſſuing
Till over all the Fount they circulize,
So this perpetuall-motion-making kiſſe,
In propogate through all my faculties,
And makes my breaſt an endleſſe Fount of bliſſe,
Of which, if Gods could drinke, their matchleſſe fare
Would make them much more bleſſed then they are.

But * as when ſounds doe hollow bodies beate,
Ayre gathered there, compreſt, and thickned,
The ſelfe-ſame way ſhe came doth make retreate,
And ſo effects the ſounds re-ecchoed
Onely in part, becauſe ſhe weaker is
In that redition, then when firſt ſhe fled:
So I alas, faint eccho of this kiſſe,
Onely reiterate a ſlender part
Of that high joy it worketh in my hart.

* *Qua ratione fiat Eccho.*

And thus with feaſting, Love is famiſht more,
Without my touch are all things turn'd to gold,
And till I touch, I cannot joy my ſtore:
To purchaſe others, I my ſelfe have ſold,
Love is a wanton famine, rich in food,
But with a richer appetite controld,
An argument in figure and in Mood,
Yet hates all arguments: diſputing ſtill
For Sence, gainſt Reaſon, with a ſenceleſſe will.

TAC-

## TACTUS.

THen ſacred Madame, ſince my other ſences
Have in your graces taſted ſuch content,
Let wealth not to be ſpent, feare no expences,
But give thy bounty true eternizement:
Making my ſences ground-worke, which is, Feeling,
Effect the other, endleſſe excellent,
Their ſubſtance with flint-ſoftning ſoftnes ſteeling:
Then let mee feele, for know ſweet beauties Queene,
Dames may be felt, as well as heard or ſeene.

For if we be allow'd to ſerve the Eare
With pleaſing tunes, and to delight the Eye
With gracious ſhowes, the Taſt with dainty cheere,
The Smell with Odors, is't immodeſty
To ſerve the ſences Emperor, ſweet Feeling
With thoſe delights that fit his Empery?
Shall Subjects free themſelves, and bind their King?
Mindes taint no more with bodies touch or tyre,
Then bodies nouriſh with the minds deſire.

The mind then cleere, the body may be us'd,
Which perfectly your touch can ſp'ritualize:
As by the great elixer is tranſfus'd
Copper to Gold, then grant that deed of prize:
Such as transforme into corrupt effects
What they receiue from Natures purities,
Should not wrong them that hold her due reſpects:
To touch your quickning ſide then give me leave,
Th'abuſe of things, muſt not the uſe bereave.

Here

Here-with, even clad his arguments to heare,
Worthily willing to have lawfull grounds
To make the wondrous power of Heaven appeare,
In nothing more then her perfections found,
Close to her Navill she her Mantle wrests,
Slacking it upwards and the foulds unwound,
Showing *Latonas* Twinnes, her plenteous brests
The Sunne and *Cynthia* in their tryumph-robes
Of Lady-skin; more rich then both their Globes.

Whereto she bad, blest *Ovid* put his hand:
Hee, well acknowledging it much too base
For such an action, did a little stand,
Enobling it with tytles full of grace,
And conjures it with charge of reverend verse,
To use with piety that sacred place,
And through his feeling organ to dispersse
Worth to his spirits, amply to supply
The poreneſſe of his fleshes faculty.

And thus he said: King of the King of Sences,
Engines of all the Engines under Heaven,
To health, and life, defence of all defences,
Bounty by which our nourishment is given,
Beauties bewtifier, kind acquaintance makes,
Proportions odneſſe that makes all things even,
Wealth of the Laborer, wrongs revengement taker,
Patterne of concord, Lord of exercise,
And figure of that powre the world did guise.

Deere Hand, most duly honoured in this
And therefore worthy to be well imploy'd

Yet

Yet know, that all that honour nothing is,
Compard with that which now we muſt be enjoy'd:
So thinke in all the pleaſures theſe have ſhowne,
(Likened to this) thou wert but meere anoyd,
That all hands merits in thy ſelfe alone
With this one touch, have more then recompence,
And therefore feele, with feare and reverence.

See *Cupids* Alpes which now thou muſt goe over,
Where Snow that thawes the Sunne doth ever lye:
Where thou maiſt plaine and feelingly diſcover
The worlds fore-paſt, that flow'd with Milke and Hony:
Where, (like an Empreſſe ſeeing nothing wanting
That may her glorious Child-bed bewtifie)
Pleaſures her ſelfe lyes big with iſſue panting:
Ever deliver'd, yet with child ſtill growing,
Full of all bleſſings, yet all bliſſe beſtowing.

This ſaid; he laid his hand upon her ſide,
Which made her ſtart like ſparckleſſe from a fire,
Or like *Saturnia* from th' Ambroſian pride
Of her mornes ſlumber, frighted with admire
When *Iove* laid young *Alcydes* to her breſt,
So ſtartled ſhe, not with a coy retire,
But with the tender temper ſhe was bleſt,
Proving her ſharpe undull'd with handling yet,
Which keener edge on *Ovids* longings ſet.

And feeling ſtill, he ſigh'd out this effect;
Alas why lent not heaven the ſoule a tongue?
Nor language, nor peculiar dialect,
To make her high conceits as highly ſung,

But that a fleſhly engine muſt unfold
A ſpirituall notion; birth from Princes ſprung
Peſſants muſt nurſe, free vertue waite on gold
And a profeſt though flattering enemy,
Muſt pleade my honour, and my liberty.

O nature how doſt thou defame in this
Our humane honours; yoking men with beaſts
And nobleſt minds with ſlaves; thus beauties bliſſe,
Love and all vertues that quicke ſpirit feaſts
Surfet on fleſh; and thou that banqueſts minds
Moſt bounteous Miſtreſſe, of thy dull-tongu'd gueſts
Reapſt not due thankes; thus rude frailety binds
What thou giu'ſt wings; thus joyes I feele in thee
Hang on my lips and will not uttered be.

Sweete touch the Engine that loves bow doth bend,
The ſence wherewith he feeles him deified,
The object whereto all his actions tend,
In all his blindneſſe his moſt pleaſing guide,
For thy ſake will I write the *Art* of love,
Since thou doſt blow his fire, and feed his pride
Since in thy Sphere his health and life doth move,
For thee I hate who hate ſociety
And ſuch as ſelfe-love makes his ſlavery.

In theſe Dog-dayes how this contagion ſmoothers
The pureſt bloods with vertues diet fined
Nothing their owne, unleſſe they be ſome others
Spite of themſelves, are in themſelves confined

And

And live ſo poore they are of all deſpiſed,
Their gifts, held downe with ſcorne ſhould be divined,
And they like Mummers mask, unknowne, unpriſed:
A thouſand mervailes mourne in ſome ſuch breſt
Would make a kind and worthy Patron bleſt.

To mee (deere Soveraigne) thou art Patroneſſe,
And I, with that thy graces have infuſed,
Will make all fat and foggy braines confeſſe,
Riches may from a poore verſe be deduced:
And that Golds love ſhall leave them groveling here,
When thy perfections ſhall to heaven be Muſed,
Deckt in bright verſe, where Angels ſhall appeare
The praiſe of vertue, love, and beauty ſinging,
Honour to Nobleſſe, ſhame to Avarice bringing.

HEere *Ovid* interrupted with the view
Of other Dames, who then the Garden painted,
Shrowded himſelfe, and did as death eſchew
All note by which his loves fame might be tainted:
And as when mighty *Macedon* had wonne
The Monarchy of Earth, yet when he fainted,
Grieu'd that no greater action could be done,
And that there were no more worlds to ſubdue,
So loves defects, loves Conquerour did rue.

But as when expert Painters have diſplaid.
To quickeſt life a Monarchs royall hand
Holding a Scepter there is yet bewraide
But halfe his fingers; when we underſtand

The reſt not to be ſeene; and never blame
The Painters Art, in niceſt cenſures ſkand:
So in the compaſſe of this curious frame,
*Ovid* well knew there was much more intended,
With whoſe omition none muſt be offended.

*Intentio, animi actio.*

Explicit convivium.

A Co-

# OVIDS
# Coronet for his Miſtreſſe
## *Philoſophie.*

MVſes that ſing Loves ſenſuall Empery,
And Lovers kindling your enraged fires
At *Cupids* Bonfires burning in the eye,
Blowne with the empty breath of vaine deſires,
You that preferre the painted Cabinet
Before the wealthy Iewels it doth ſtore yet,
That all your joyes in dying figures ſet,
And ſtaine the living ſubſtance of your glory,
Abjure thoſe joyes, abhorre their memory.
And let my love the honor'd ſubject be
Of love, and honours compleat Hiſtory;
Your eyes were never yet, let in to ſee
The majeſty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkeneſſe; for your God is blind.

BVT dwell in darkneſſe, for your God is blind,
Humor powres downe ſuch torrents on his eyes,
Which (as from Mountaines) fall on his baſe kind,
And eate your entrails out with extaſies.
Colour, (whoſe hands for fainteneſſe are not felt)
Can binde your waxen thoughts in Adamant,
And with her painted fires your hearts doth melt,
Which beate your ſoules in pieces with a pant,
But my love is the cordiall of ſoules
Teaching by Paſſion what perfection is,
In whoſe fixt beauties ſhine the ſacred ſcroule,
And long-loſt records of your humane bliſſe
Spirit to fleſh, and ſoule to ſpirit giving,
Love flowes not from my liver, but her living.

LOve flowes not from my liver, but her living,
From whence all ſtings to perfect love are darted
All power, and thought of pridefull luſt depriving,
Her life ſo pure and ſhe ſo ſpotleſſe hearted,
In whom ſits beauty with ſo firme a brow
That age, nor care, nor torment can contract it;
Heauens glories ſhining there, doe ſtuffe allow,
And vertues conſtant graces doe compact it.
Her mind (the beame of God) drawes in the fires
Of her chaſt eyes, from all earths tempting fewell;
Which upward lifts the lookes of her deſires
And makes each precious thought in her a Ievell,
And as huge fires compreſt more proudly flame
So her cloſe beauties further blaze her fame.

SO her cloſe beauties further blaze her fame;
When from the world, into herſelfe reflected
Shee lets her (ſhameleſſe) glory in her ſhame
Content for heav'n to bee of earth rejected,
Shee thus depreſt, knocks at *Olympus* gate,
And in th'untainted Temple of her hart
Doth the divorceleſſe nuptials celebrate
'Twixt God and her; where loves prophaned dart
Feeds the chaſt flames of *Hymens* firmament,
Wherein ſhee ſacrificeth, for her part;
The Robes, lookes, deeds, deſires and whole deſcent
Of female natures, built in ſhops of Art
Vertue is both the merit and reward
Of her remov'd, and ſoule-infus'd regard.

OF her remov'd, and ſoule-infus'd regard,
With whoſe firme ſpecies (as with golden Lances)
Shee points her lives field (for all warres prepar'd)
And beares one chanceleſſe mind, in all miſchances;
Th'inverſed world that goes upon her head
And with her wanton heeles doth kicke the ſky,
My love diſdaines; though ſhee be honoured
And without envie ſees her empery,
Loaths all her toyes, and thoughts cupidinine,
Arandging in the army of her face
All vertues forces, to diſmay looſe eyne
That hold no quarter with renowne, or grace,
Warre to all frailty, peace of all things pure
Her lookes doth promiſe and her life aſſure.

HEr looke doth promise and her life assure;
A right line, forcing a rebatelesse point,
In her high deeds, through every thing obscure
To full perfection; not the weake disjoint
Of female humours; nor the Protean rages
Of pied-fac'd fashion, that doth shrinke and swell,
Working poore men like waxen Images
And makes them apish strangers where they dwell
Can alter her, titles of premacy
Courtship of anticke jestures; braineless jests
Bloud without soule of false nobility
Nor any folly that the world infests
Can alter her who with her constant guises
To living vertues turnes the deadly vices.

TO living vertues turnes the deadly vices,
For covetous shee is, of all good parts,
Incontinent for still she shoves entices
To consort with them, sucking out their harts
Proud, for she scornes prostrate humility,
And glutonous in store of abstinence,
Drunke with extractions stil'd in fervency
From contemplation, and true continence,
Burning in wrath, against impatience,
And sloth it selfe, for she will never rise
From that all-seeing trance, (the band of Sence)
Wherein in view of all soules skils she lyes.
No constancy to that her mind doth move
Nor riches, to the vertues of my love.

Nor

NOr riches, to the vertues of my love.
Nor Empire to her mighty government:
Which faire analiz'd in her beauties grove,
Showes Lawes for care, and Canons for content:
And as a purple tincture given to Glaſſe
By cleere tranſmiſſion of the Sunne doth taint
Oppoſed ſubjects: ſo my Miſtreſſe face
Doth reverence in her viewers browes depaint,
And like the Panſie, with a little vaile
Shee gives her inward worke the greater grace;
Which my lines imitate, though much they faile
Her gifts ſo high, and times conceits ſo baſe:
Her vertues then above my verſe muſt raiſe her,
For words wants Art, and Art wants words to praiſe her.

FOR words want Art, & Art wants words to praiſe her,
Yet ſhall my active and induſtrious pen,
Wind his ſharp forehead through thoſe parts that ſeiſe
And regiſter her worth paſt rareſt women. (her,
Her ſelfe ſhall be my Muſe; that well will know
Her proper inſpirations: and aſſwage
(With her deere love) the wrongs my fortunes ſhow,
Which to my youth, bind hartleſſe griefe in age,)
Her ſelfe ſhall be my comfort and my riches,
And all my thoughts I will on her convert,
Honour, and Error, which the world bewitches,
Shall ſtill crowne fooles, and tread upon deſert,
And never ſhall my friendleſſe verſe envie
Muſes that Fames looſe feathers beautifie.

MVſes that Fames looſe feathers beautifie,
And ſuch as ſcorne to tread the Theater,
To A ſignorant: the ſeed of memory
Have moſt inſpir'd, and ſhowne their glories there
nobleſt wits, and men of higheſt doome,
That for the kingly Lawrell bent affaire,
The Theaters of *Athens* and of *Rome*
Have beene the Crownes, and not the baſe empaire;
Farre then be this foule clowdy-brow'd contempt
From like-plum'd Birds: and let your ſacred rimes
From honours Court their ſervile feet exempt
That live by ſoothing moods, and ſerving times:
And let my love, adorne with modeſt eyes,
Muſes that ſing loves ſenſuall Emperies.

*Lucidius olim.*

# OVID'S
# *Amorous Zodiacke.*

1

I Never ſee the Sunne, but ſuddainly
My ſoule is mov'd, with ſpite and jelouſie
Of his high bliſſe in his ſweet courſe diſcerned:
And am diſpleas'd to ſee ſo many ſignes
As the bright Skye unworthily divines,
Enjoy an honour they have never earned.

2

To thinke heaven decks with ſuch a beautious ſhow
A Harpe, a Ship, a Serpent, and a Crow,
And ſuch a crew of creatures of no priſes,
But to excite in us th'unſhamefaſt flames,
With which (long ſince) *Iove* wrong'd ſo many Dames,
Reviving in his rule, their names and vices.

3

Deare Miſtreſſe, whom the Gods bred here below
T'expreſſe their wondrous powver and let us know
That before thee they nought did perfect make
Why may not I (as in thoſe Signes the Sunne)
Shine in thy beauties, and as roundly runne,
To frame (like him) an endleſſe Zodiacke.

4

With thee Ile furniſh both the yeere and Sky,
Running in thee my courſe of deſtiny:
And thou ſhalt be the reſt of all my moving,
But of thy numberleſſe and perfect graces
(To give my Moons their full in twelve months ſpaces)
I chuſe but twelve in guerdon of my loving.

5

Keeping even way through every excellence,
Ile make in all, an equall reſidence
Of a new Zodiacke: a new *Phœbus* guiſing,
When (without altering the courſe of nature)
Ile make the ſeaſons good, and every creature
Shall henceforth reckon day, from my firſt riſing.

6

To open then the Spring-times golden gate,
And flowre my race with ardor temperate,
I'le enter by thy head, and have for houſe
In my firſt moneth, this heaven-Ram-curled treſſe:
Of which, Love all his charme-chaines doth addreſſe:
A Signe fit for a Spring ſo beautious.

7

Lodg'd in that fleece of hayre, yellow, and curl'd,
I'le take high pleaſure to enlight the world,
And fetter me in gold, thy criſps implies,
Earth (at this Spring ſpungie and langorſome
With envie of our joyes in love become)
Shall ſwarme with flowers, & ayre with painted flyes.

Thy

8

Thy ſmooth embow'd brow, where all grace I ſee,
My ſecond moneth, and ſecond houſe ſhall be:
Which brow, with her cleere beauties ſhall delight
The Earth (yet ſad) and overture conferre
To herbes buds, flowers, and verdure gracing *Ver*,
Rendring her more then Summer exquiſite.

9

All this freſh *Aprill*, this ſweet moneth of *Venus*
I will admire this brow ſo bounteous:
This brow, brave Court for love, and vertue builded,
This brow where Chaſtity holds garriſon,
This brow that (bluſhleſſe) none can looke upon,
This brow with every grace and honour guilded.

10

Reſigning that, to perfect this my yeare
I'le come to ſee thine eyes: that now I feare:
Thine eyes, that ſparckling like two Twin-born fires,
(Whoſe lookes benigne, and ſhining ſweetes doe grace
*May's* youthfull moneth with a more pleaſing face)
Iuſtly the Twinnes ſignes, hold in my deſires.

11

Scorcht with the beames theſe ſiſter-flames eject,
The living ſparkes thereof Earth ſhall effect
The ſhocke of our joynd-fires the Summer ſtarting:
The ſeaſon by degrees ſhall change againe
The dayes, their longeſt durance ſhall retaine,
The Stars their ampleſt light, and ardor darting.

12

But now I feare that thron'd in ſuch a ſhine,
Playing with obiects, pleaſant and divine,
I ſhould be mov'd to dwell there thirtie dayes:
O no, I could not in ſo little ſpace,
With joy admire enough their plenteous grace,
But ever live in Sun-ſhine of their rayes:

13

Yet this ſhould be in vaine, my forced will
My courſe deſign'd (begun) ſhall follow ſtill;
So forth I muſt, when forth this month is wore.
And of the neighbor Signes be borne a new,
Which Signe perhaps may ſtay me with the view
More to conceive, and ſo deſire the more.

14

It is thy noſe (ſterne to thy Barke of love)
Or which Pyne-like doth crowne a flowry Grove,
Which Nature ſtriv'd to faſhion with her breſt,
That ſhe might never turne to ſhow more skill:
And that the envious foole, (us'd to ſpeake ill)
Might feele pretended fault chok't in his breſt.

15

The violent ſeaſon in a Signe ſo bright,
Still more and more, become more proud of light,
Should ſtill incenſe mee in the following Signe:
A ſigne, whoſe ſight deſires a gracious kiſſe,
And the red confines of thy tongue is is,
Where, hotter then before, mine eyes would ſhine.

16 So

16

So glow thoſe Corrals, nought but fire reſpiring
With ſmiles, or words, or ſighs her thoughts attiring
Or, be it ſhe a kiſſe divinely frameth;
Or that her tongue, ſhoakes forward, and retires,
Doubling like fervent *Syrius*, Summers fires
In *Leos* mouth, which all the world enflameth.

17

And now to bid the Boreall ſignes adew
I come to give thy Virgin-cheekes the view
To temper all my fire, and tame my heate,
Which ſoone will feele it ſelfe extinct and dead,
In thoſe faire Courts with modeſty diſpred
With holy, humble, and chaſt thoughts repleate.

18

The purple tinct, thy Marble cheekes retaine,
The Marble tinct, thy purple cheekes doth ſtaine
The Lillies duly equall'd with thine eyes,
The tinct that dyes the Morne with deeper red,
Shall hold my courſe a Month, if (as I dread)
My fires to iſſue want not faculties.

19

To ballance now thy more obſcured graces
Gainſt them the circle of thy head enchaces
(Twiſe three Months us'd, to run through twiſe three houſes
To render in this heaven my labour laſting.
I haſt to ſee the reſt, and with one haſting,
The dripping time ſhall fill the Earth carowſes.

20 The

20

Then by the necke, my Autumne Ile commence,
Thy necke, that merits place of excellence
Such as this is, where with a certaine Sphere
In ballancing the darkneſſe with the light,
It ſo might wey, with skoles of equall weight
Thy beauties ſeene with thoſe doe not appeare.

21

Now paſt my month t'admire for built moſt pure
This Marble piller and her lyneature,
I come t'inhabit thy moſt gracious teates,
Teates that feed love upon the white tiphees,
Teates where he hangs his glory and his trophes
When victor from the Gods warre he retreats.

22

Hid in the vale 'twixt theſe two hils confined
This vale the neſt of loves and joyes divined
Shall I injoy mine eaſe; and faire be paſſed
Beneath theſe parching Alpes; and this ſweet cold
Is firſt, this month, heaven doth to us unfold
But there ſhall I ſtill greeve to be diſplaced.

23

To ſort from this moſt brave and pompous ſigne
(Leaving a little my ecliptick line
Leſſe ſuperſtitious then the other Sunne)
The reſt of my Autumnall race Ile end
To ſee thy hand, (whence I thy crowne attend)
Since in thy paſt parts I have ſlightly runne.

24

Thy hand, a Lilly gendred of a Roſe
That wakes the morning, hid in nights repoſe:
And from *Apollos* bed the vaile doth twine,
That each where doth, th'Idalian Minion guide;
That bends his bow; that tyes, and leaves untyed
The ſilver ribbands of his little Enſigne.

25

In fine, (ſtill drawing to th'Antarticke Pole)
The Tropicke ſigne, Ile runne at for my Gole,
Which I can ſcarce expreſſe with chaſtity.
I know in heaven 'tis called *Capricorne*
And with the ſuddaine thought, my caſe takes horne,
So (heaven-like,) *Capricorne* the name ſhall be.

26

This (wondrous fit) the wintry *Solſtice* ſeaſeth,
Where darkneſſe greater growes and day decreaſeth,
Where rather I would be in night then day,
But when I ſee my journeyes doe encreaſe
Ile ſtraight diſpatch me thence, and goe in peace
To my next houſe, where I may ſafer ſtay.

27

This houſe alongſt thy naked thighs is found,
Naked of ſpot; made fleſhly, firme and round,
To entertaine loves friends with feeling ſport;
Theſe, *Cupids* ſecret miſteries enfold,
And pillers are that *Venus* Phane uphold,
Of her deare joyes the glory, and ſupport.

28 Sliding

28

Sliding on thy ſmooth thighs to this months end;
To thy well faſhioned Calves I will deſcend
That ſoone the laſt houſe I may apprehend,
Thy ſlender feet, fine ſlender feet that fhame
*Thetis* ſheene feete, which Poets ſo much fame,
And heere my lateſt ſeaſon I will end.

## *LENVOY.*

29

DEare Miſtreſſe, if poore wiſhes heaven would heare,
I would not chuſe the empire of the water;
The empire of the ayre, nor of the earth,
But endleſſy my courſe of life confining
In this faire Zodiacke for ever ſhining,
And with thy beauties make me endleſſe mirth.

30

But gracious Love, if jealous heaven deny
My life this truely-bleſt variety,
Yet will I thee through all the world diſperſe,
If not in heaven, amongſt thoſe braving fires
Yet heere thy beauties (which the world admires)
Bright as thoſe flames ſhall gliſter in my verſe.

*FINIS.*

Cat. 3, July '18. B